

HERGÉ

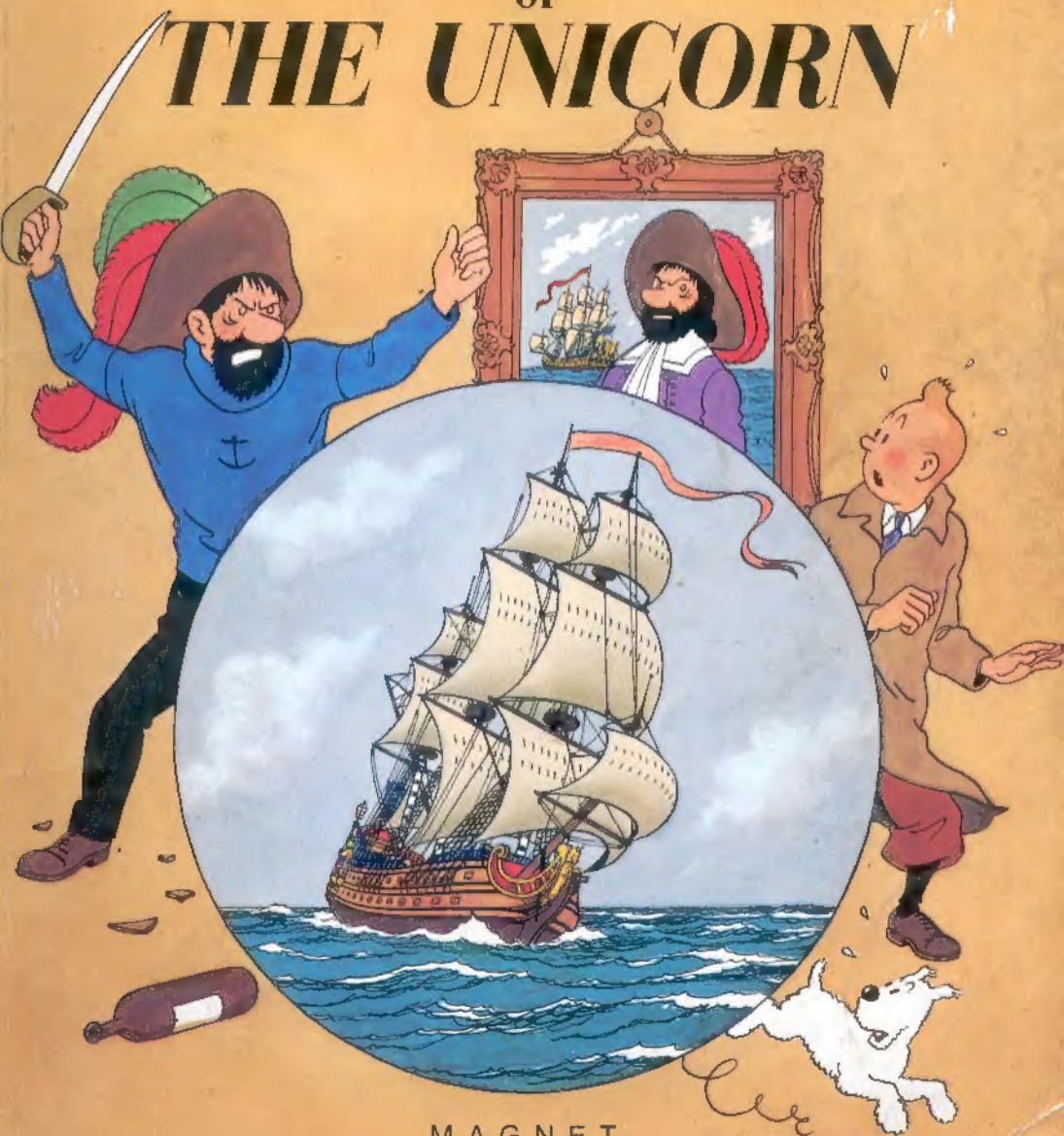
THE ADVENTURES OF

TINTIN

*

THE SECRET
OF

THE UNICORN



MAGNET

THE SECRET OF THE UNICORN



NEWS IN BRIEF

AN alarming rise in the number of robberies has been reported in the past few weeks. Daring pickpockets are operating in the larger stores, the cinemas and street markets. A well-organised gang is believed to be at work. The police are using their best men to put a stop to this public scandal.

We must keep our eyes open, and catch these crooks.



How about starting in the Old Street Market? Tintin said he was going there this morning. Perhaps we'll meet him.

Good idea. Let's go.



Why, there are Thomson and Thompson.



Hello! ... How are you?

Look who's here!
Tintin!



What are you doing here? Looking for bar-gains? Sh!... Highly confidential!... Special operation: pickpockets.

But that didn't stop us from finding this job-lot of walking sticks.



How much?

Eight bob for the lot.



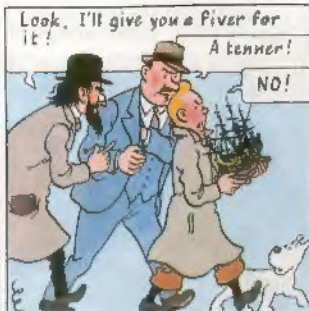
Six shillings.

Seven... but I'm robbin' meself...













RRRRING...
RRRRING...
RRRRING...



Hello?... Yes... Ah,
it's you... Well, has
your ship got the
same name?...
What did you say?...
It's been stolen?



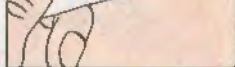
Yes, stolen!... Do
I suspect anybody?
No one at all... at
least... Look Captain,
I'll ring you again
later...



Yes...
he's the
only pos-
sibility...



IVAN IVANOVITCH
SAKHARINE
Collector
21, Eucalyptus Avenue



Just you wait, Mr. Ivan
Ivanovitch Sakharine!



Here we
are...



I've a hunch that
we're off on one
of our adventures
again...

RRRING



Something tells me he's
going to get a surprise when
he opens the door!



Ah, there you are!... Come in...
I was expecting you.



What?... Expecting me?...
Then you know why I've come.



But of course...

You've come to tell me that
you'll sell your ship after
all...



Certainly not!

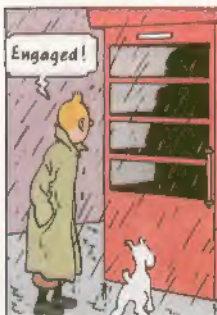
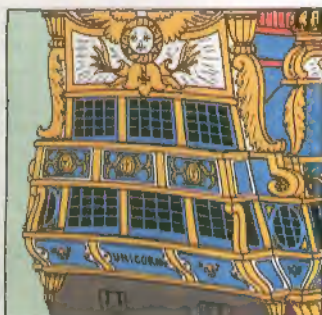
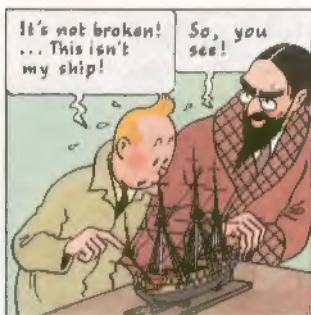
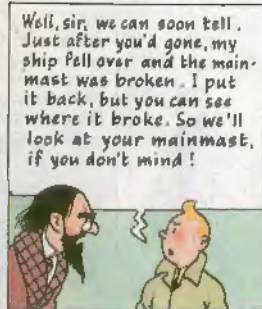
Not?... Then I don't
understand...



Is this where you
keep your collec-
tion?... I've come
to tell you, sir...
that my ship has
been stolen...

... and that I'm waiting for you to explain
how it comes to be here!







My door's open! ... What can be the matter now? ...



My flat has been ransacked! ...



The gangsters! What have they done to my books?



This one is completely ruined! ... The vandals!



Burgled twice in one day ... Not bad at all!



What have they taken this time?



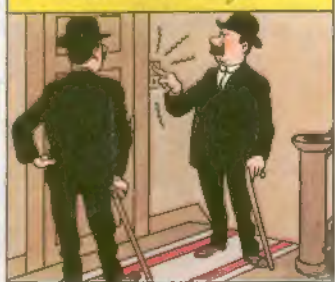
Very queer thieves; they haven't taken a thing.



They've only searched the place... I wonder what they were looking for? ...



Next morning ...



Hello. How are you?...
Good heavens! Whatever's
happened?



Er... nothing really... just a
little spot of bother in the Old
Street
Market

Er yes a slight mis-
understanding. Anyway,
we've come to pay you
the money for those
sticks. We called last
night, but you were
out.



Did you get your
wallet back
all right?



I'm afraid not.
But I bought a
new one this
morning, and
.. and..



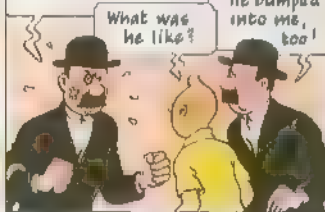
Goodness gracious! I've
been robbed again!



Great Scotland Yard. That man
we met last night on the stairs,
on our way here!... I remember
now: he bumped into me!

What was
he like?

He bumped
into me,
too!



Quite tall. coarse features
... black hair... small black
moustache. blue suit..
brown hat.

That's him.. the man
from the Old Street
Market!



But he couldn't have stolen your
wallet last night, when you
only bought it this morning

There's something
in what you say...



Miserable thieves! A brand
new wallet! Come along,
Thompson, we must report this
right away!



He's right!.. We must report
it at once..



Look
out!



Hey, Thompson, wait for me
Where are you?



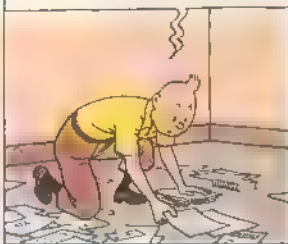
Here!.. I'm downstairs already



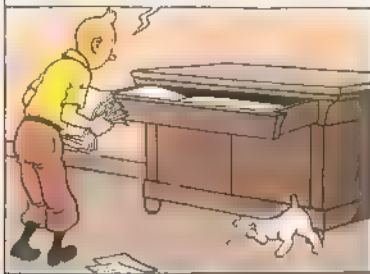
Poor old Thomsons, they do have rotten luck! There seems to be quite an epidemic of larceny and house-breaking.



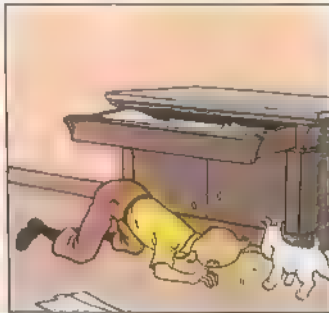
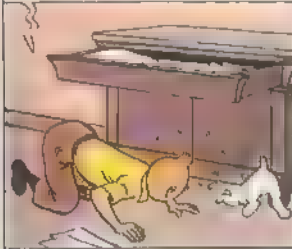
Oh well, let's try and get these papers sorted out.



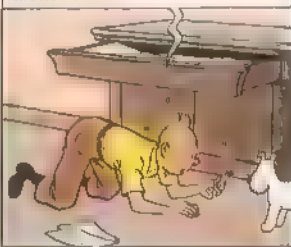
What are you after Snowy?



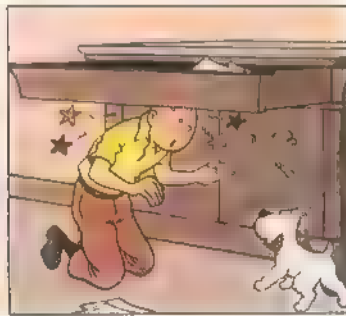
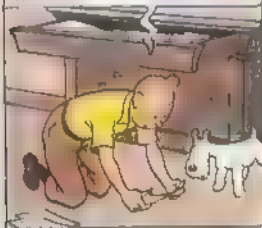
A cigarette, under there? That's a funny place...



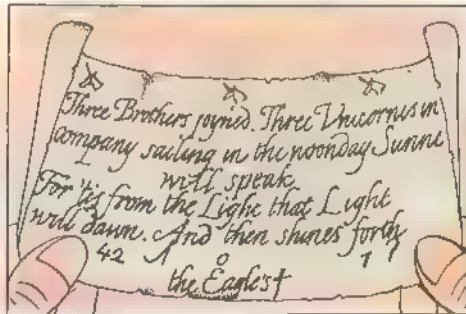
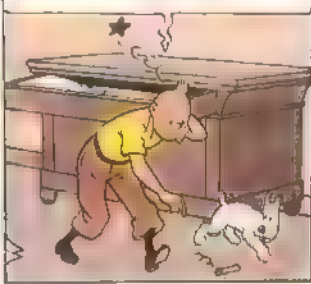
Why, it's not a cigarette, it's a little scroll of parchment.



But this isn't mine! Where ever did it come from?... let's have a closer look at it.



Here's another mystery!



But it's all gibberish! And where on earth did this parchment come from, anyway?



Great snakes! I've got it... This parchment must have been rolled up inside the mast of the ship. It fell out when the mast was broken, and it rolled under the chest...



And that explains something else! .. Whoever stole my ship knew that the parchment was hidden there. When he discovered the scroll had gone, he thought I must have found it. That's why the thief came back and searched my flat, never guessing the parchment was under the chest...



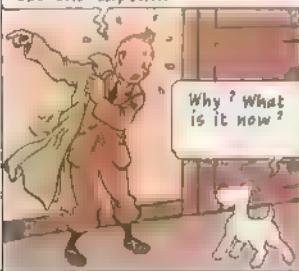
But why was he so anxious to get hold of it? If only it made some sense then at least...



I wonder... But... of course! That must be it! There's no other answer.



Quick, Snowy!... We must see the Captain



Treasure, Snowy!... Come on, this is going to be a treasure hunt!



Yes, I'm absolutely certain it must be treasure...



The old lazybones! He's still in bed!



No! then where can he be?



No one at home. Perhaps he's gone out. I'll ask his land-lady



Captain Haddock?.. No, I didn't see him go out. Hasn't he answered the bell? That's funny.



Ill? He might be. His light's been on all night..



No answer?



Captain! Captain! Open the door! It's me, Tintin.



Not a sound

Still no answer...



THUMP THUMP THUMP



Come one pace nearer and I'll blast you to blazes!



Shall I go for the police?

No a locksmith would be a better idea!



I think yes he's talking to himself! This is getting serious...



Ah, here comes the locksmith.



Got it?



Nope... can't do it, guv! The door's bolted.



We must force the door. I'll be responsible for the damage

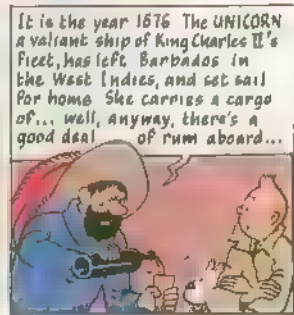
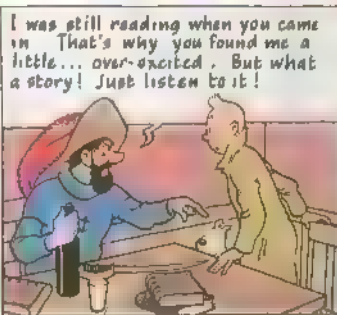
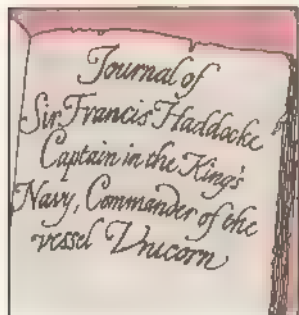
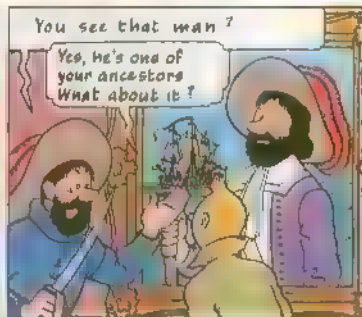
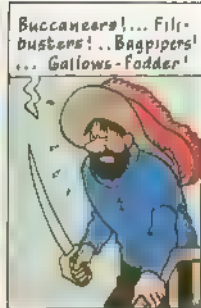
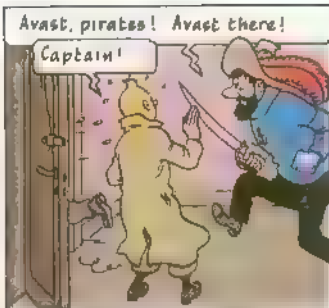


One two..



CRASH



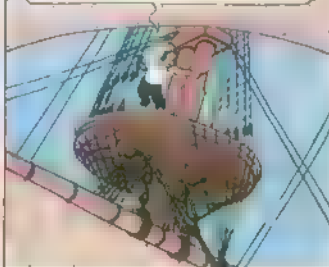




Two days at sea, a good stiff breeze, and the UN.CORN is reaching on the starboard tack Suddenly there's a hail aloft...



Salvo on the port bow.



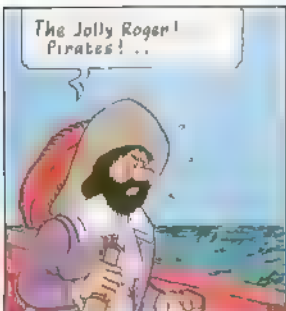
Thundering Eeyhoons! She's mighty close hauled! Ration my rum F she's not going to cut across our bows!



And she's making a spanking pace! One she's running up her colours Now we'll see...



The Jolly Roger!
Pirates! ...



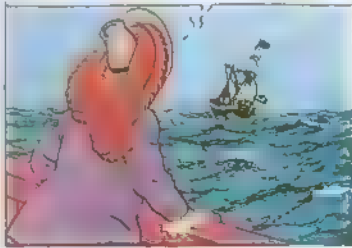
Ahoy there! Clear the decks
for action! Man the poop!
Stand by to haul the wind!



Turning on to the wind
with all sails set, risking
her masts, the UNICORN
tries to outsail the dreaded
Barbary buccaneers ...



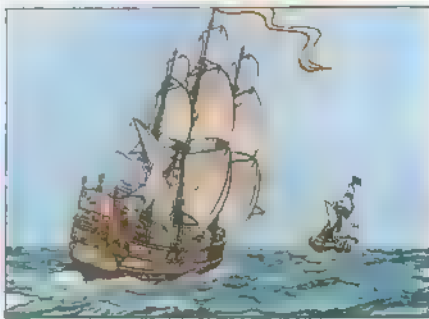
Thundering typhoons! It's no use...
She's overhauling us fast!



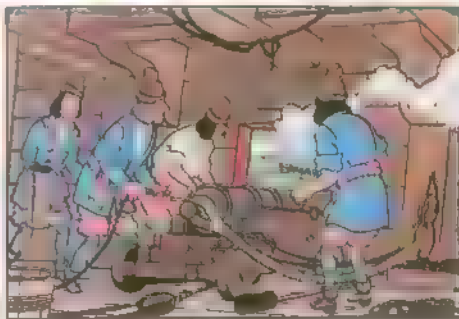
They must outwit the pirates
The Captain makes a daring plan
He'll wear ship, then pay off on the
port tack. As the UNICORN comes
abreast of the pirate he'll loose
off a broadside... No sooner
said than done! ..



Ready about!
Let go braces!..
Beat gunners to
quarters!

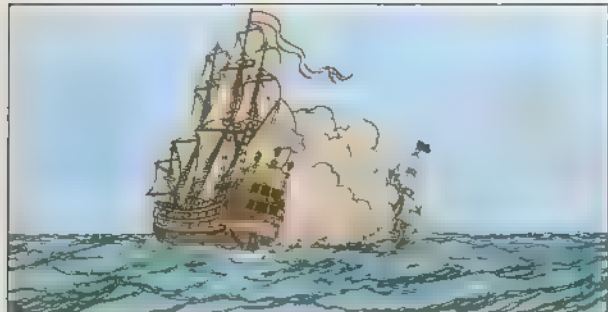


The UNICORN has gybed completely
round. Taken by surprise, the
pirates have no time to alter
course. The royal ship bears down
upon them... Steady..

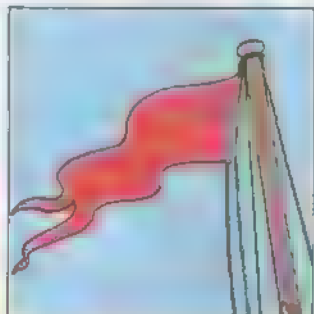
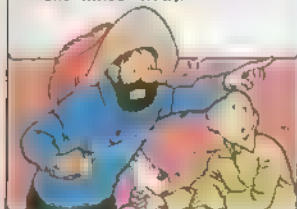


FIRE!

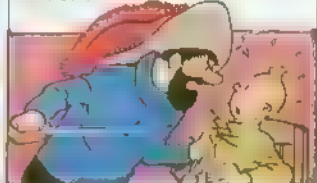




Got her, yes! But not a crippling blow. The pirate ship in turn goes about - and look! she's hoisted fresh colours to the mast-head!



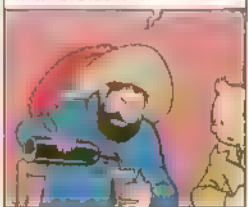
The red pennant! No quarter given! A fight to the death, no prisoners taken! You understand? If we're beaten, then it's every man to Davy Jones's locker!



The pirates take up the chase - they draw closer... and closer... Throats are dry aboard the UNICORN.



Close hauled, the enemy falls in line astern with UNICORN, avoiding the fire of her guns... She draws closer...

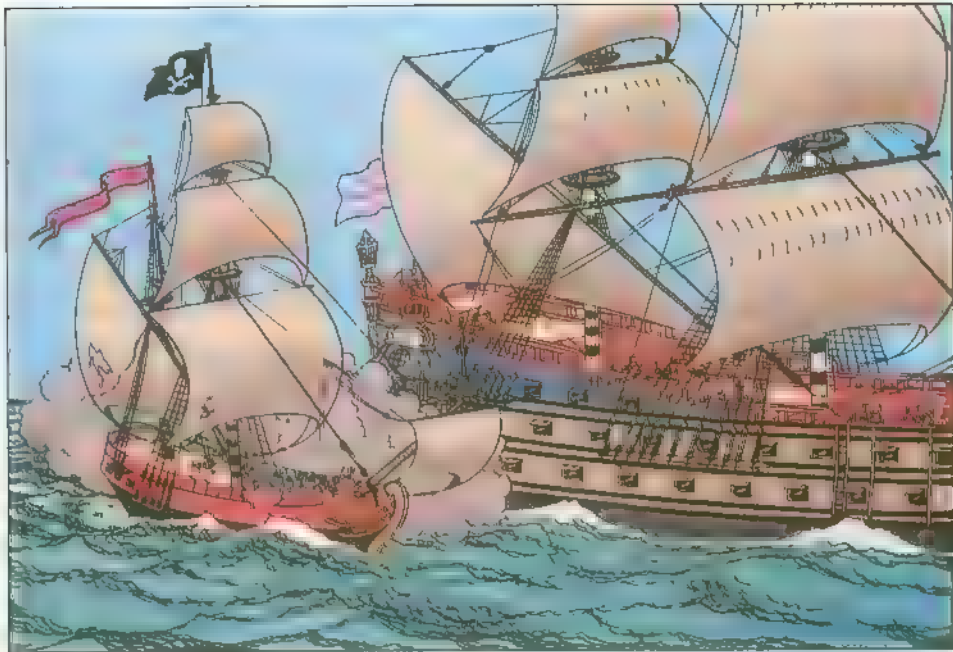


Then suddenly, not more than half a cable's length away, she slips from under the UNICORN's poop - whoosh, like that!

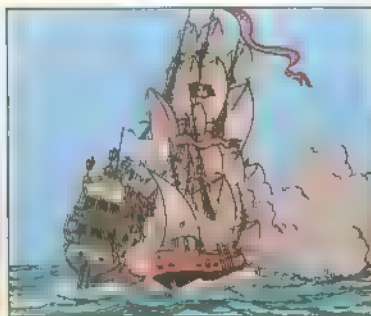


Then she resumes her course. The two ships are now alongside. The boarders prepare for action...



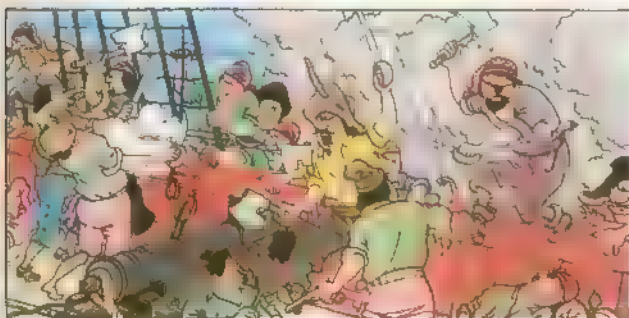


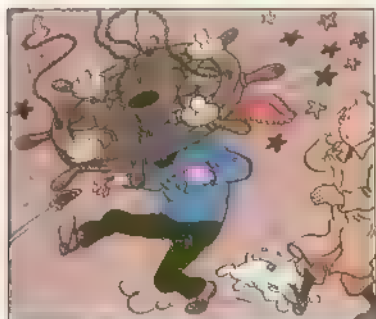
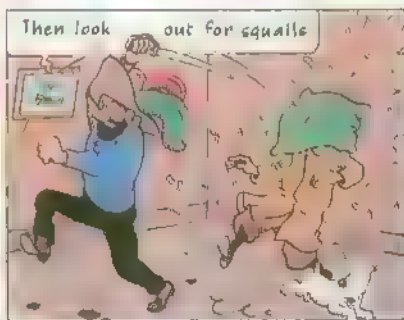
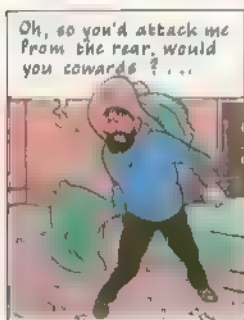
Here they come! Grappling irons are hurled from the enemy ship. With hideous yells the pirates stream aboard the UNICORN.



All hands to repel boarders!







Sir Francis? When he came round he found himself securely lashed to his own mast. He suffered terribly...

From that blow on the head, of course...

No, from thirst!

Poor man, how he suffered.

He looked about him. The deck was scrubbed, and no trace remained of the fearful combat that had taken place there. The pirates passed to and fro, each with a different load...

What's happening? Instead of pillaging our ship and making off with the booty, they're doing just the opposite

But there's a man approaching. He wears a crimson cloak, embroidered with a skull: he's the pirate chief! He comes near - his breath reeks of rum - and he says

Regard me
ham!

well, dog. I am Red Rack-

Your servant, sir. And I am Sir Francis Haddock

Doesn't my name freeze your blood, eh? Right. Listen to me. You have killed Diego the Dreadful, my trusty mate. More than half my crew are dead or wounded. My ship is foundering, damaged by your first attack, then holed below the waterline as we boarded you.

When some of your dastardly gunners fired at point blank range. She's sinking... so my men are transferring to this ship the booty we captured from a Spaniard three days ago

And what booty?

Look at these diamonds!

These are worth more than six times a king's ransom.

Did you come here just to tell me that?



No, that's not why I came. I came to tell you that those who annoy me pay dearly for their folly! Tomorrow morning I shall hand you over to my crew. And that Flock of Lambs know just administer a lingering death!



So saying, he laughed sardonically, picked up his glass and drained it at a gulp, like this



That's enough, Captain Go on with your story.



Very well. Towards nightfall, the UNICORN with her pirate crew sighted a small island. Soon she dropped anchor in a sheltered cove...



Darkness fell; the pirates found the UNICORN's cargo of rum, broached the casks, and made themselves abominably drunk...



Abominably!... Yes abominably. that's the word



Key, what's the idea? I only wanted to show you...

You don't have to, I quite understand



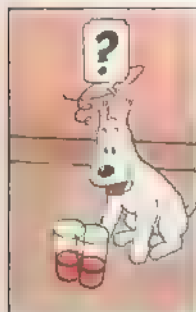
Just as you like, Tintin... Now where was I?

The pirates were abominably drunk.

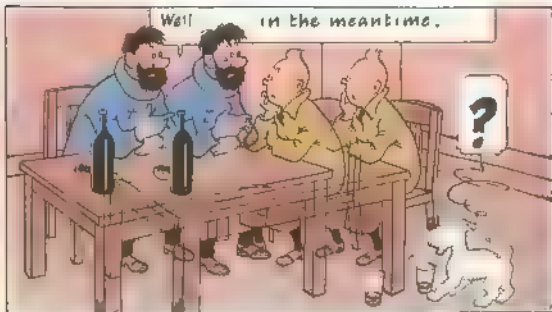


AAAAA-AAAAH!





That's Funny!
Now there are
two glasses!

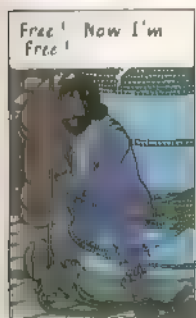


In the meantime Sir Francis struggled desperately to free himself..

Just you wait, my lamb-
kins! Ration my rum if
Sir Francis Haddock
doesn't soon give you
something to remember
him by



Done it! That's one
hand free!



Free! Now I'm
free!



On your guard, Red
Rackham: here I come!



And with these words he
hurled him-
self...

On the pirates?..
Like that?..
Unarmed?..



No, on a bottle
of rum, rolling
on the deck!..
He opened it,
put it to his
lips, and ..



And then he stops. "This
is no time for drinking,"
he says, "I need all my wits
about me!" With that, he
puts down the bottle...

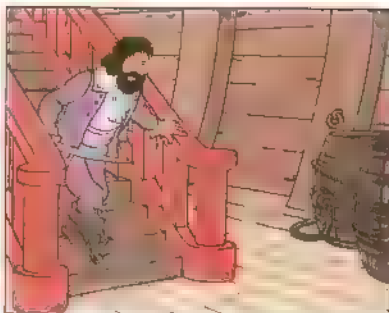


Yes, he puts down the bottle...
and seizes a cutlass. Then,
looking towards the fo'c'sle
where the drunken roistering
still goes on...

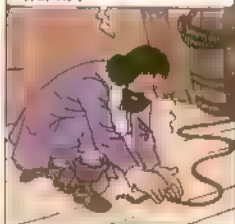


You sing and carouse, little
lambs!... I'm off to the
magazine!

You know, of course, the magazine in a ship is where they store the gunpowder and shot...



There!... The party won't be complete without some fireworks!



Now I must make haste! There's just time for me to leave the ship before she goes up!



So I've caught you!



So dog high! have I! be

you'd blow us sky Well, you won't that pleasure! skin you alive, for I even douse that fuse!



By 'lucifer' I'll shave your beard porcupine!

And I'll pluck those feathers squawking popinjay! Fancy dress freebooter! Fresh water pirate! Pienanthropus!



Retreat as you may, you cannot escape me!

I'll run you through, prattling porpoise!



And as he fought Sir Francis kept thinking of that fuse, about to touch off the powder at any moment



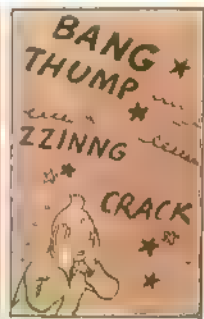
Suddenly, nimbly parrying a thrust he leapt to one side



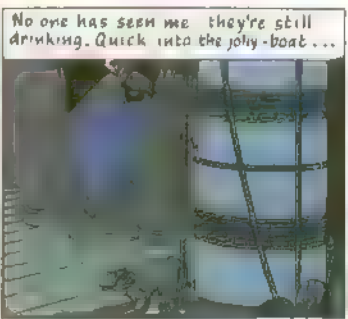
With one swift blow from his heel he extinguished the fuse!

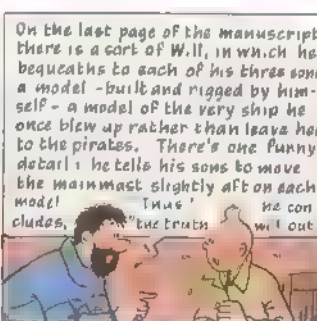
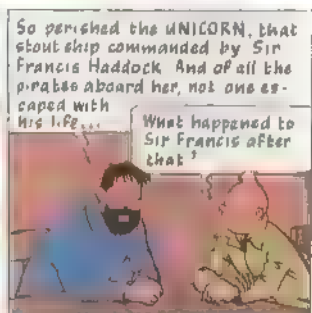
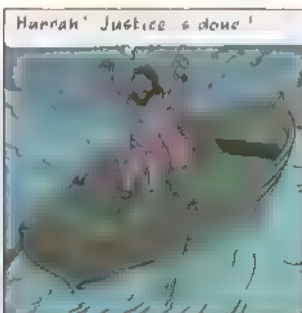
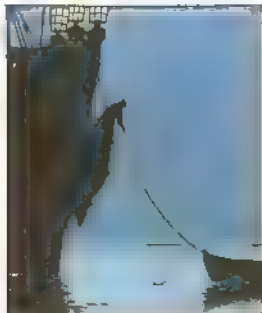


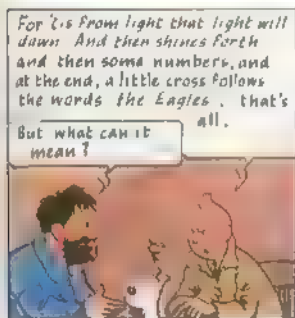
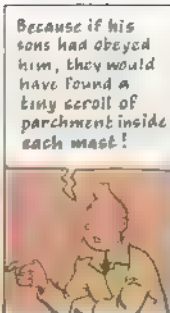
Now, Red Rackham, my temper's rising!

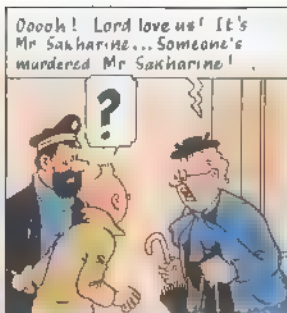
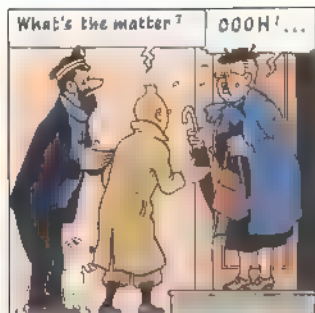


Enough delay! Now to light another Fuse.









Me, the culprit? You dare accuse me?... Miserable earth worms! ... Sea gherkins!



Slave-traders! Sea-lice! Black-beetles! Baboons!



Art snakes! Vermicellis!... Phylloxera! Pyrographers!



Crab-apples!... Goosecups!... Gogglers!... Jelly-Pien!

Captain! Captain! Calm yourself!



Yes, please calm yourself, Captain. We only said that by way of an experiment

What sort of experiment?



You see, if you really had been guilty, you'd have been upset. As it is, we are now quite convinced of your innocence



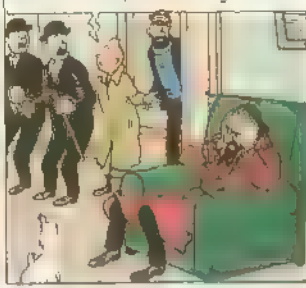
Now, to work! We must look for fingerprints.



Goodness gracious! The corpse was gone!



Look! Your corpse is coming round!



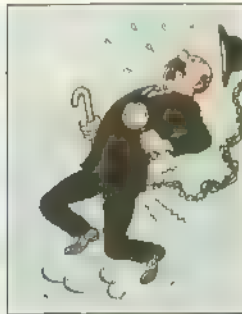
What happened to you, Mr Sakharine?

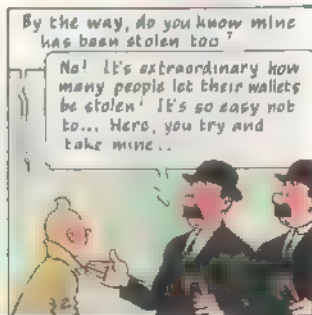
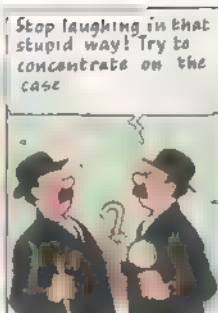
A man came here last night, to offer me some fine old engravings. As I bent over to look at them I felt a pad clamped over my nose...

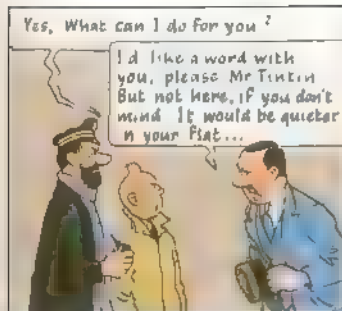


No doubt it was chloroform, for I became unconscious...

Very odd... To be precise... Can you smell something burning?







Next morning

SHOOTING DRAMA

AN unknown man was shot dead in Labrador Road just before midday yesterday. As he was about to enter No 26, three shots were fired from a passing car which had slowed down opposite him. The victim was struck by all three bullets in the region of the heart. He died without regaining consciousness.

Poor dev! No one will ever know what he meant when he pointed to those sparrows



Hello, Captain! Come in. I'm just telephoning the hospital for news of the wounded man



Hello? Is that the House Surgeon? This is Tintin. Good morning, Doctor. How's our injured man? Just the same? Still unconscious? ... Is there any hope? A little ... yes. Thank you. Goodbye.



But look here: it says in the paper that he's dead

Yes, the papers were told he'd died. The crooks will believe he didn't give them away, so they won't be on their guard, and they'll get caught one day.

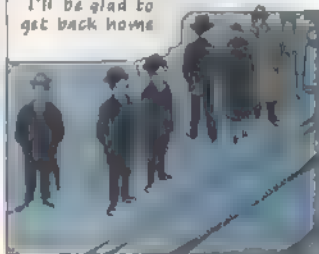


Ah, I see now. But I still wonder what that poor chap meant, pointing at those sparrows...

So do I, Captain. It's all very mysterious. "To be precise: very mysterious," as the Thomsons would say.



Another day watching for pickpockets all over the place. I'll be glad to get back home.



Here comes our bus at last!

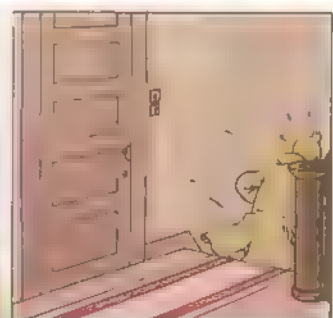
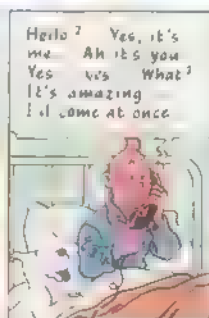
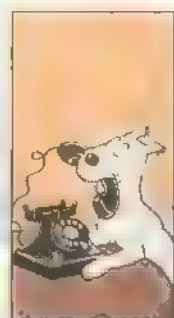


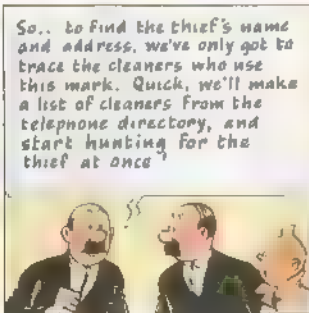
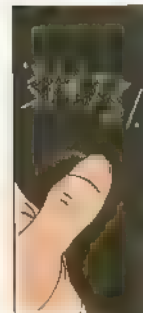
My wallet! ... This time I've got you, you scoundrel!

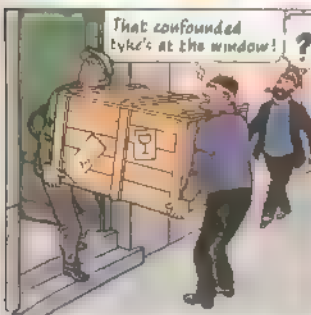
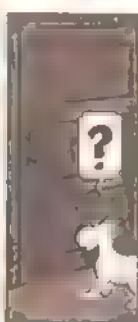
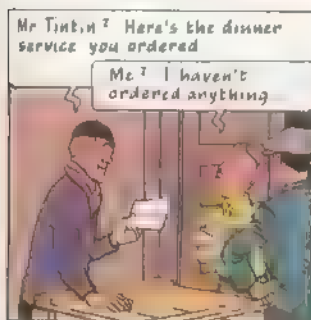


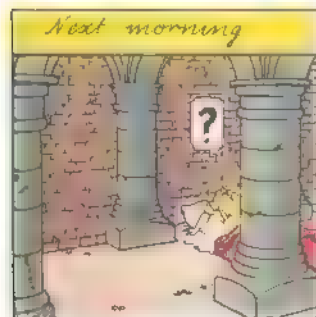
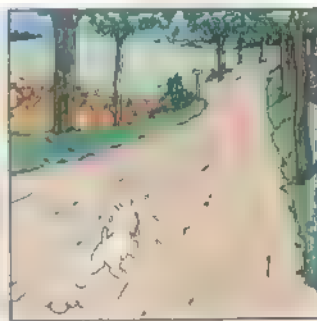
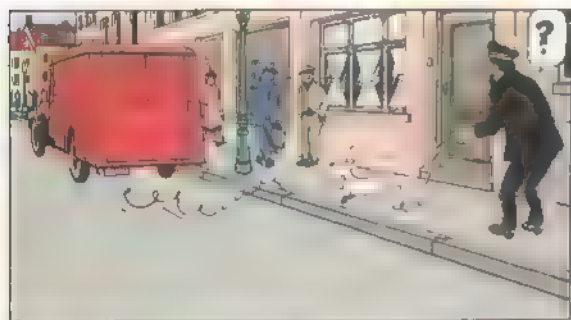
Stop villain!











Nobody there! But I wasn't dreaming someone spoke!



Yes, someone spoke!



Who who are you? And where are you?



Who am I? I am the ghost of the captain of the UNICORN!



Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!



Ha! ha! ha! That frightened you, didn't it? Come over to the door. Come on.



Come nearer. Good. Now, can you see the opening tube?



Who are you, and what do you want with me?

Who am I? . . . You must allow me to remain anonymous. And why did I have you kidnapped? You have guessed that, no doubt.



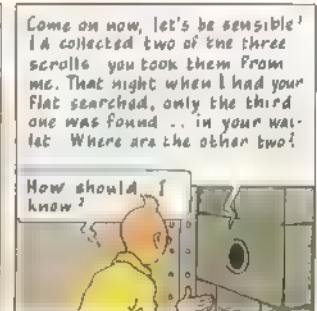
I want to know where you have hidden the two parchments you stole from me.

Me? I stole two parchments? . . . But I never had more than one.



Come on now, let's be sensible! I collected two of the three scrolls you took from me. That night when I had your flat searched, only the third one was found . . . in your wallet. Where are the other two?

How should I know?



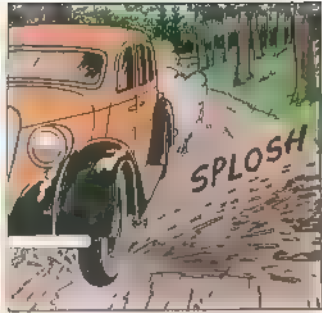
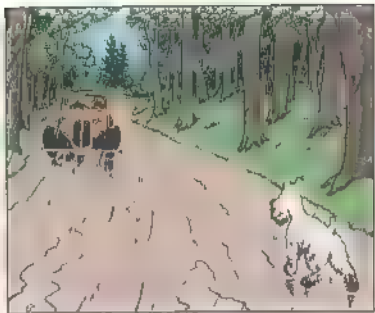
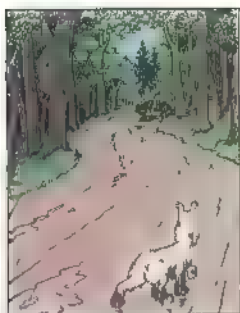
As you like. But I warn you: I know of several ways to loosen stubborn tongues . . . I'll give you two hours to tell me where you hid those scrolls, then if you won't talk, you'll soon see the sort of man I am!

But I tell you. Oh he's cut off, the gangster!

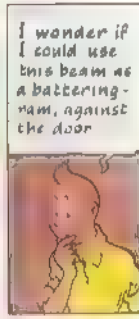


Now I'm in a fine mess! How do I get out of this one?





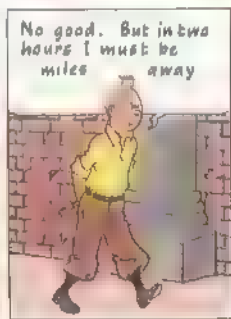
Two hours! ... Two hours to get out of here! How can I do it?



I wonder if I could use this beam as a battering-ram, against the door



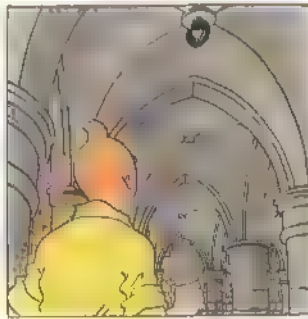
Hopeless! I can hardly lift it...



No good. But in two hours I must be miles away



!



Eureka!



First I'd better block up this speaking tube with my handkerchief

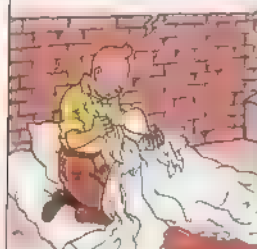


Then no one will hear any noise I may make



Now to work! As fast as I can.

First I'll knot these sheets
and blankets together



Then tie them securely
to this beam...



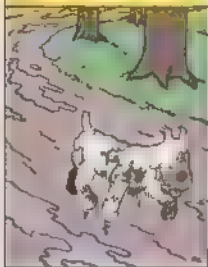
And pull! Heave-ho!... Heave-ho!
Heave-ho! Heave!



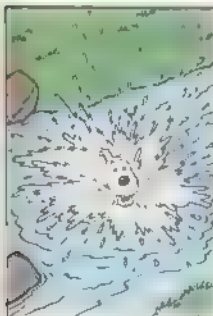
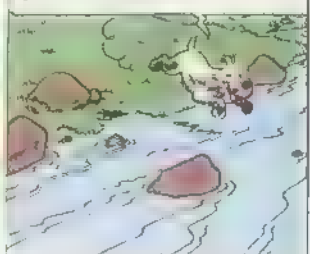
Start again: I've
simply got to move
this beam
now



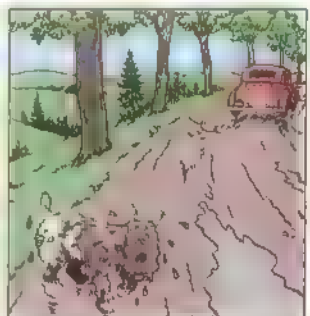
Meanwhile



A quick bath and I'll soon
get rid of this mud

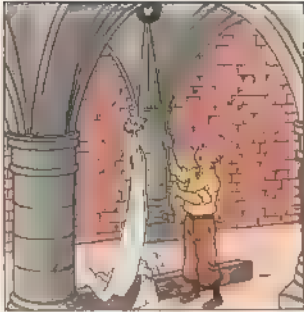


Aha! It's good to
be nice and
clean again

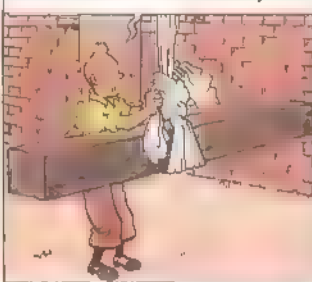


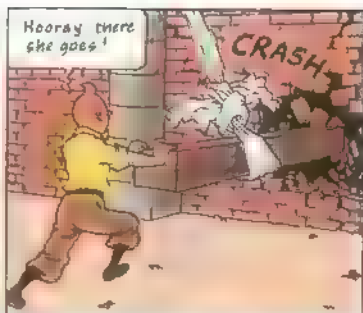
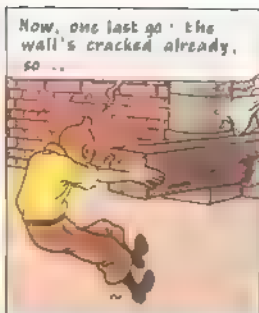


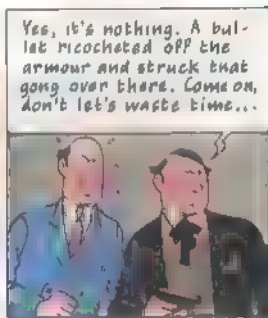
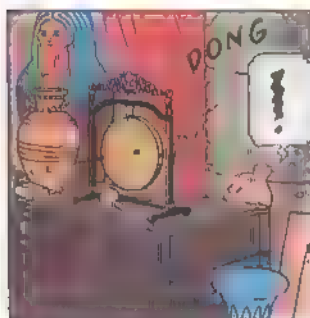
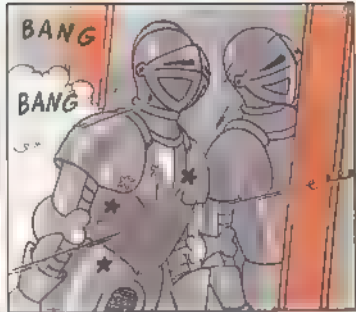
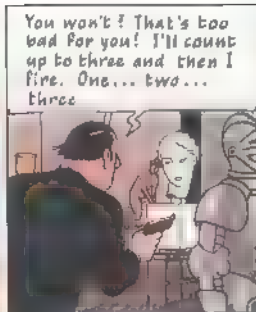
Now I'll be a small stone to the end of this string, like this...

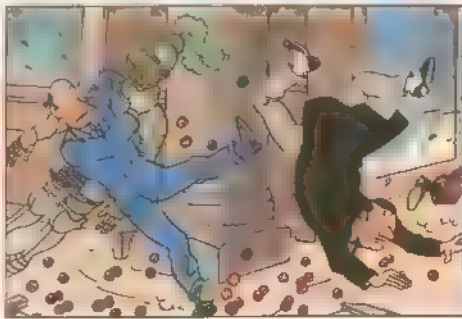
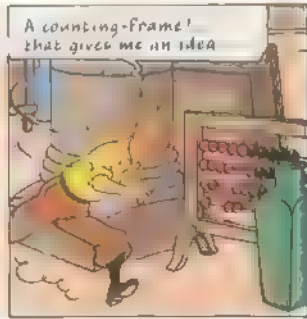
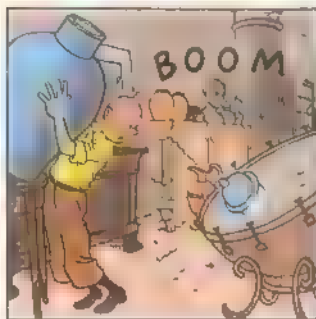
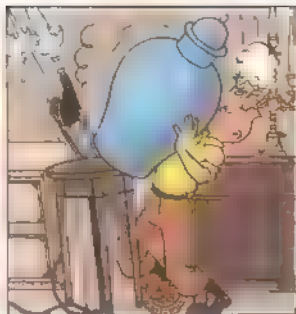
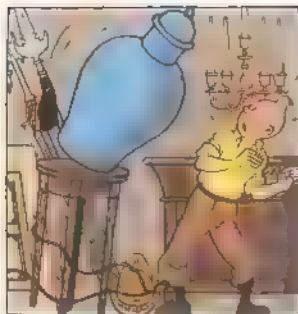


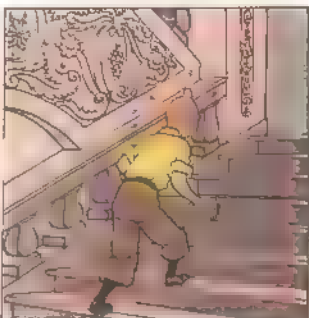
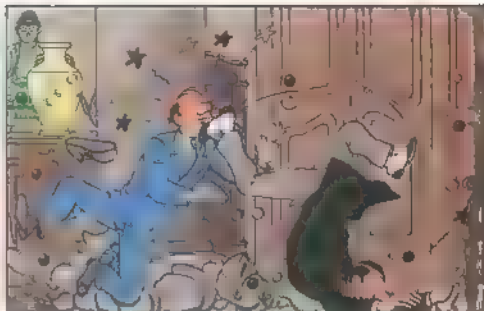
And that's made a fine battering ram!











Now I see what he meant-
the man who was shot
pointing to the birds
He was giving us the
name of his attackers!
... Just look at this
letter...



Quick, let's ring up the
Captain...



Hello yes... it's me yes
Who's speaking? What?
Tintin!... I... Where are
you? Hello?... Hello!...
Hello!... Hello? Are you
there?



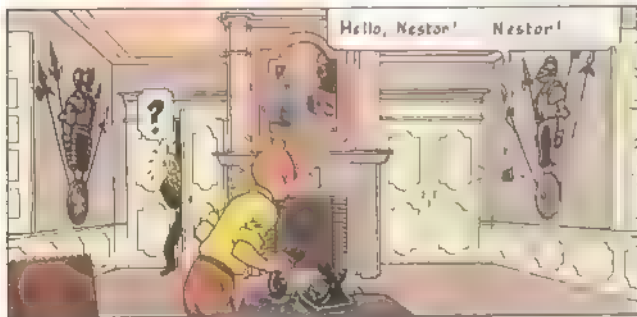
What am I doing here? I er
I'm Mr Bird's new secretary.
Didn't you know that?



I no I hadn't heard
Please excuse me sir.



Hello, Nestor! Nestor!



Hello, Nestor!... A young ruf-
fian's broken into the house!
Stop him telephoning his ac-
complices! We're coming at
once. Don't let him get away,
whatever you do!



Hello, Captain! I'm at Marlin
spike Hall... Bring the police!



Starlings bite?
... Hello?
Hello? Starlings
bite what?



Marlinspike, Captain!
Mar inspike Hall!



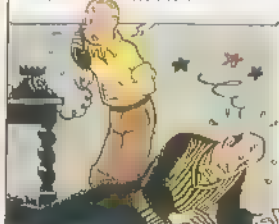
What?... Martin's
b ke? Hello?
Hello!... Thunder
ing typhoons!
What's going on?



Marlinspike Hall! Marlinspike!



Hello, Captain? Can you hear me?... I'm at Marlinspike Hall! No, Marlinspike's the name!



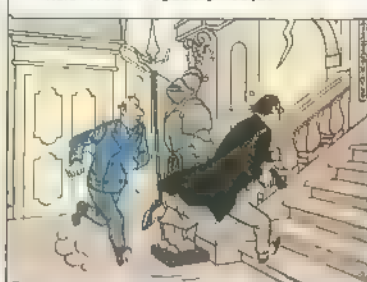
What? What sort of game? Hello! He's rung off!



HELP!
HELP!



That was Nestor's voice!



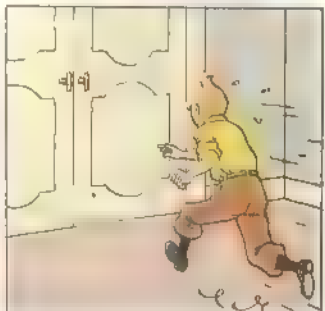
That's torn it! The telephone's broken!

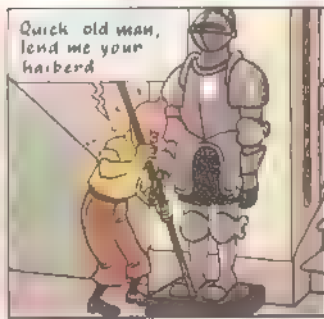
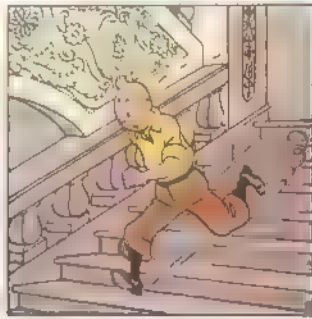


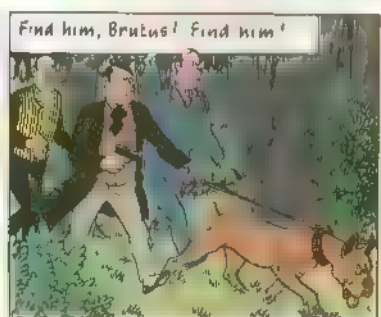
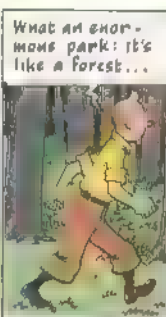
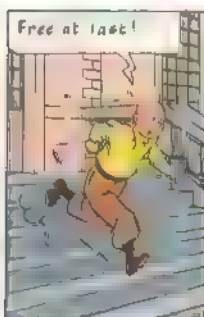
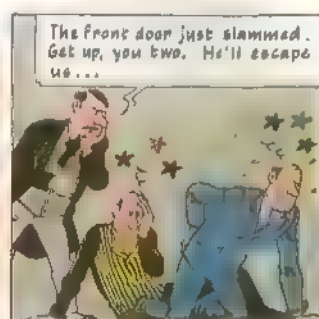
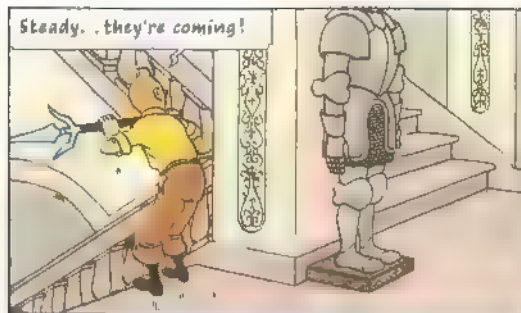
There's only one thing to do - run for it double quick!



If he's here he can't escape us



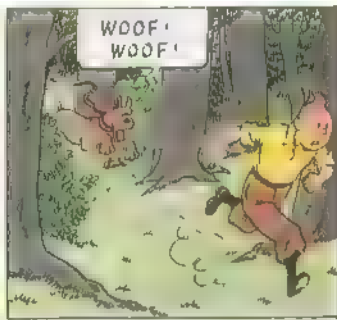
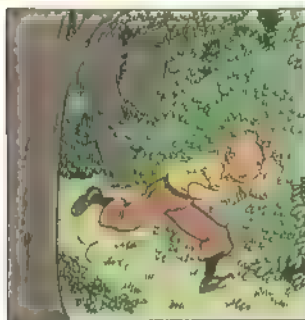
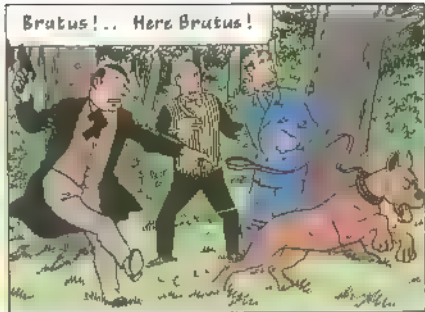




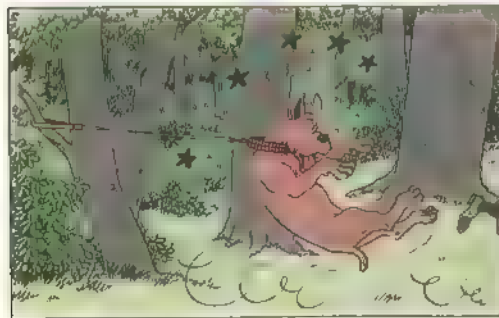
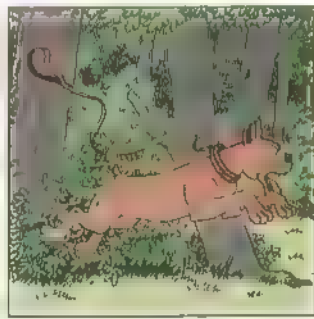
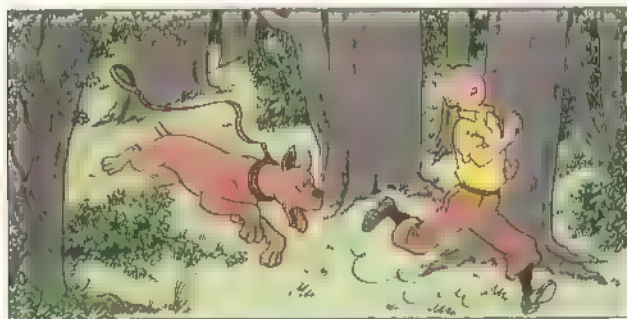
Go on, find him! We musn't
lose the scent



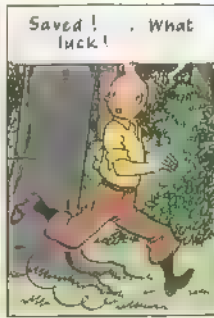
Brutus!... Here Brutus!

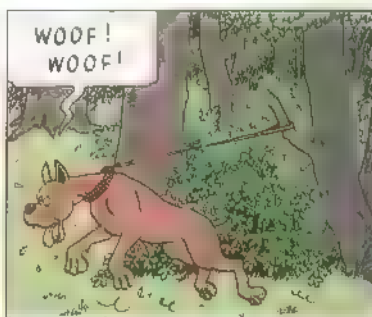


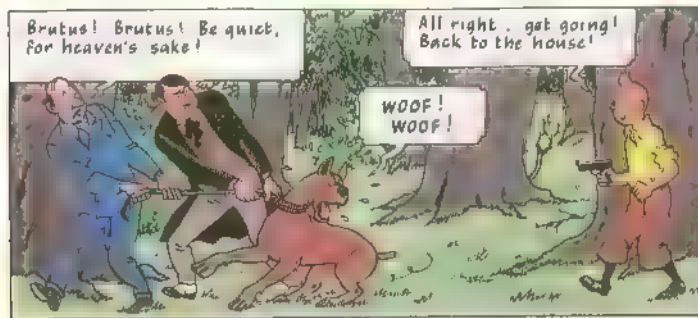
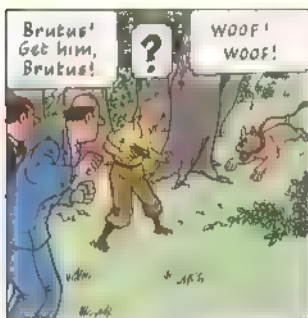
WOOF!
WOOF!



Saved!... What
luck!







Where are they going?
.. Oh, I see! That
little wretch is taking
care to put Brutus
back in his kennel

WOOF!
WOOF

That's that! And now gentle
men, we'll go to the police-
station!

They're coming back this
way - they'll pass under
the ground-floor win-
dows. Perhaps there's
some way...

Keep cool, Nestor!

Here they come!
Careful, don't miss...

Nestor!

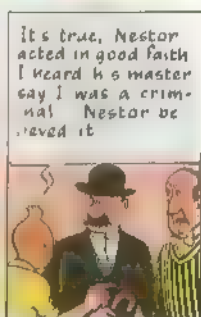
Oh dear! I didn't hit
him hard enough...

Now then
once more..

Oh dear!!

Got you this time,
my young friend!





Gentlemen, there has been a miscarriage of justice! This man is innocent, as Tintin said. Won't you take off these handcuffs... and let him go and fetch me another bottle of brandy?



There, my man, now you're free. And we'll use these handcuffs for your masters!



We'll follow you, Nestor. Don't forget, it's to be three-star!



Now Captain, tell me how you came to be here.



Oh, yes Right Well

Just after your telephone call - and I didn't understand a word of that - someone rang up from the hospital



.. where they still had the little-birds-man. After hovering between life and death he'd just come round and identified his attackers: the Bird brothers, antique dealers of Marlinspike Hall. It was only when I heard that name



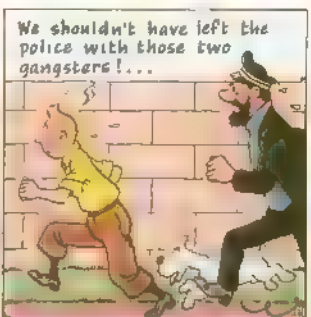
.. that I understood what you meant on the telephone. There was no time to lose I warned the police at once, and we rushed here



WHAM * OH! WHAM OW! *



We shouldn't have left the police with those two gangsters!...



Look... one's escaping! there! He's just turned the corner!

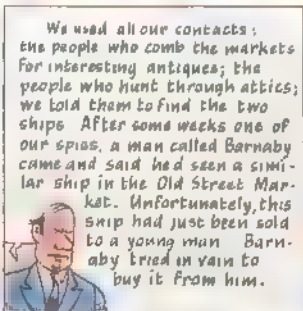
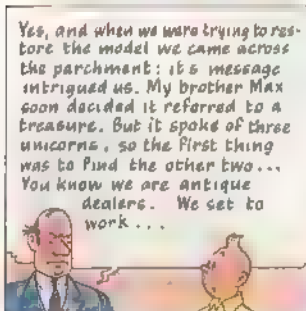
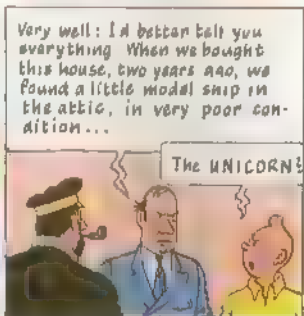
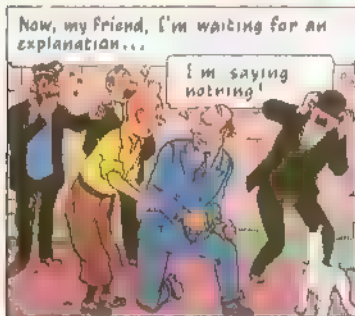
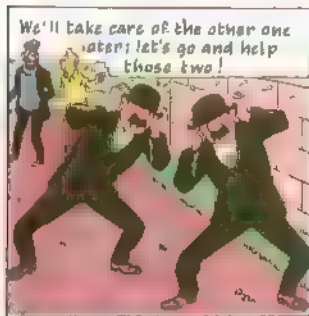
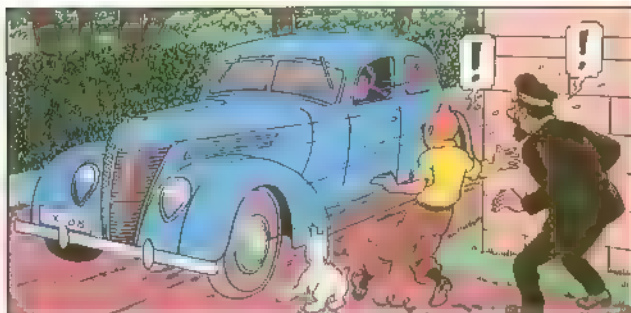


He's the most dangerous of the two: he mustn't get away!



A car! That's a car starting up!



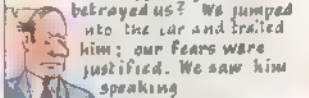


Barnaby came back empty-handed. Then he suddenly remembered the other man who'd been trying to buy the ship from you.

And next day he visited Mr Sakharine, chloroformed him, and stole the third parchment.

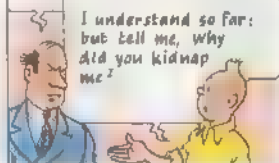


That's right. But after he'd given it to us, he and Max quarrelled violently about the money we'd agreed he should have. Barnaby demanded more, but Max stuck to the original sum. Finally Barnaby went, furiously angry and saying we'd regret our meanness. When he'd gone, Max got cold feet - supposing the wretch betrayed us? We jumped into the car and trailed him; our fears were justified. We saw him speaking



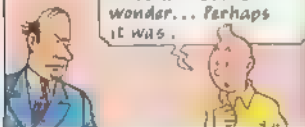
... to you. Panicking in case he'd given the whole game away, Max caught up with you in a few seconds, and shot Barnaby as he stepped into your doorway.

I understand so far: but tell me, why did you kidnap me?



We told you: to make you give up the two parchments you had stolen from us a few days after the shooting.

I see. But I couldn't have stolen them as I didn't know you existed! But I wonder... Perhaps it was.



Yes, perhaps it was Mr Sakharine who took the two scrolls!



Hurrah! That's it!



At last! He's managed to get it off for me.



Come on, Captain we'd better help this poor chap..



Ready! Steady! He's save!



Whoops!





Captain, as soon as we return we'll see Mr Sakharine. I'm sure he took the two scrolls

Yes, we've got one

One! Great snakes! we haven't even got that! The Bird brothers took it! But we can get it back!

Give me back the parchment you stole from my room!



Give it back?... That's impossible... Max has it in his pocket!



Ring up the police station at once, give them a description of Max Bird, and his car number - LX188. Then we'll go straight back to town.



Next morning

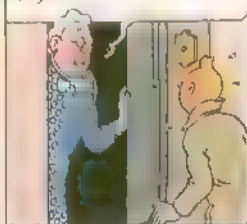
Now for Mr Sakharine.



RRRING



Mr Sakharine! He's gone away, young man. He won't be back for a fortnight



He would be away! That doesn't make things any easier!



In the meantime I'll go and see the Thomsons. Perhaps they'll be able to tell me if they've found Max Bird.



Good morning. Are you going out?... I just came to ask you.

Sh! Mum's the word! Come with us!



Where are we going?

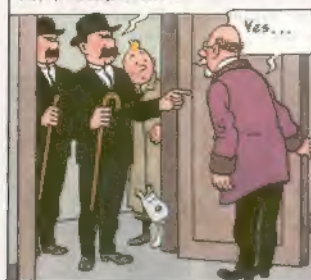
You'll soon see...



and a few minutes later



Mr. Aristides Silk?



I arrest you in the name of the law!

Arrest me?...



Yes, you! You are a thief, sir!...

A thief! Aristides Silk, retired civil servant: a thief! It's a mistake, gentlemen, a shocking mistake!



I'm sorry to interrupt you, Mr. Silk, but could you explain the meaning of all this?...



I... er, yes... Well, I... you see, I'm not a thief! certainly not! But I'm a bit of a... kleptomaniac. It's something stronger than I am: I adore wallets. So

I... I... just find one from time to time. I put a label on it, with the owner's name



... and I add it to my collection ...



I venture to say, gentlemen, that this is a unique collection of its kind. And when I tell you that it only took me three months to assemble you'll agree that it's a remarkable achievement ...

It's amazing! All these wallets in alphabetical order ...



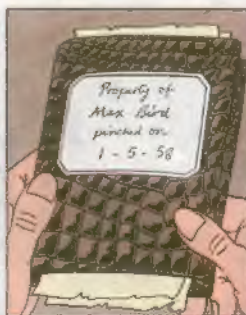
I wonder if by some extraordinary coincidence...



Hooray!

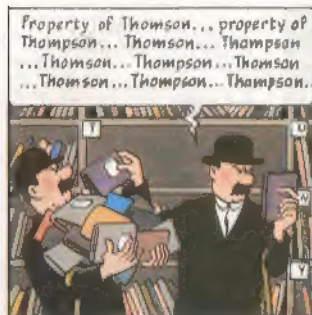


Property of Max Bird, pinched on 1-5-58



And here are the two pieces of parchment!... Captain, Red Rackham's treasure is ours!





Three Brothers jagged. Thra Unicorns in
company sailing in the noonday Sunne
will speak
For tis from the Light that Light will
dawn. And then shines forth
20 31 42 N. 70 52 15 W.

Three company will speak
For tis from the Light that Light will
dawn. And then shines forth
42 1 0

the Eagle's +

Free Unicorns in
noonday Sunne
Light that Light will
dawn. And then shines forth
3 52

the Eagle's +

No! No! and No! You can go on hunting if you want to, but I've had enough; I give up. Blistering barnacles to that pirate Red Rackham, and his treasure! I'd sooner do without it; I'm not racking my brains any more trying to make sense out of that gibberish! Thundering typhoons! What a thirst it's given me!



I've got it, Captain!...
I've got it!...



The message is right when it says that it is "from the light that light will dawn!" Look, I put them together...



... and hold them, "sailing in company" in front of the light. Look now! See what comes through!...

Thundering typhoons! The numbers and letters are completed, and it gives us...



Three Brothers jagged. Thra Unicorns in
company sailing in the noonday Sunne
will speak
For tis from the Light that Light will
dawn. And then shines forth
20 31 42 N. 70 52 15 W.

the Eagle's +

A latitude and a longitude!

Obviously telling us
where the UNICORN
sank!



Now, Captain... When do
we leave on our treasure-
hunt?

When do we leave?
... Er...



Let's see... First we need a ship... We
can charter the SIRIUS, a trawler be-
longing to my friend, Captain Chester...
Then we need a crew, some diving suits
and all the right equipment for this
sort of expedition... That will take
us a little time to arrange. We'd bet-
ter say a month. Yes, in a
month we could be ready to leave.



Red Rackham's
treasure will
be ours!



But of course it won't be
easy, and we shall certainly
have plenty of adventures on
our treasure-hunt... You
can read about them in
RED RACKHAM'S TREASURE



HERDE